

The Mirror

OF

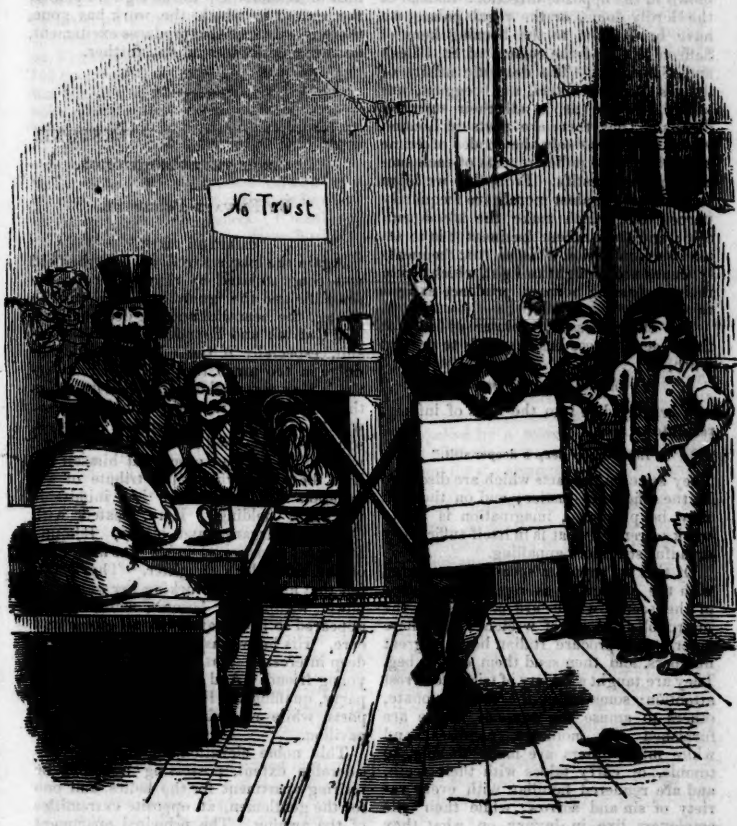
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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LIFE IN LONDON.

The literature of England some thirty or forty years ago was adorned with a multitude of fine writers, who applied themselves to describe the elegancies, luxuries, and amusements of the higher classes of society. What ladies wore and what they ate were described with equal accuracy by scribes, who from the relations established between them and the livery servants of

no. 1304.

one or more west end mansions, judged themselves most competent to reveal these mysteries. Amazingly were they relished at first, and for a long time. That eminent vagabond Tom Ash was a neat hand at it, and the public were as nicely humbugged in this way, as they subsequently were by his "Spirit of the Book," which had less real connection with "the book," which was at length given to the world,

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than had the fleas which disturbed the traveller to do with Stony Stratford. "The best things," however, according to Sheridan (*even damns*), "will grow obsolete;" and in the fullness of time, these expositors of fashion wore themselves out, and high flying impertinence would go down no more.

Latterly the wind of publication has blown in the opposite direction. Instead of the lordly dome, or the regal palace, we have been taken to the boozing kens of Saffron Hill, and the cellars of St. Giles's and Smithfield. The domestic affairs of thieves, street-walkers, and beggars, are brought before us, in all their startling details. That there are parts of London which are extensively the abodes of crime and misery, the police reports of each succeeding week testify. From this we learn that offences against morals are frequently perpetrated, which make the blood run cold; and those whose business it is to attend such inquiries, whisper that frequently scenes are brought to light, which, from their surpassing horrors, prudence assigns to silence.

But the professed "painter of life" of the present, whose business it is to present truth,

"In fairy fictions dressed,"

now bravely dive into the dens of infamy, resolute to seek

"In the lower deep a deeper still."

They seize on the facts which are disclosed by the officers of justice; and on these, it may be presumed, imagination is set to work to render what is in itself sufficiently dreadful still more appalling.

Of this we supply a specimen connected with the cut, given as representing some of the scenes which are common in the metropolis. A set of wretches are there described to procure Italian boys, in great numbers, and then send them out to beg. They are taught a variety of tricks to arrest attention; some affect the compassionate, others to amuse the anxious. Some are furnished with monkeys, tortoises, and white mice; others are made to sing, to tumble, or carry tables with their teeth, and are rendered familiar with every variety of sin and sorrow; while their vile employers live in luxury on what they bring in, and visit the unhappy little wretches with the most savage cruelty if the receipts fall short of what they are accustomed to require.

In a work now publishing one of those wretches is made a greater monster than has yet been seen. We must recollect the principle which has obtained in common among the proprietors of certain periodicals, that, "he who spices highest sells the

most," and concede to the writer we quote that he spices sufficiently high!

"Life in London" is cleverly written, and much research is evinced in the scenes of horror described. Mr. Dipple, the enterprising publisher of Holywell-street, no doubt reaps from it a golden harvest; for this class of literature, like Jack Sheppard, and others of its kind, secures always a host of readers. Up to the eighth number, the extent to which the work has gone, there is not a scene but produces excitement, leaving a desire to read still further.

THE SMUGGLER OF FOLKSTONE.

A TALE OF TRUTH AND FICTION.

BY EDWARD PORTWINE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Again the players retired, and the field was congratulated by rich and poor, the scientific and the ignorant, the old and the young, the beautiful and the decrepid, but still Carrick and Poynder doubted the result, especially if the officers should indulge in too much time at dinner. Carrick's play was looked upon as little less than superhuman, and all desired to speak with him; and the spectators crowded, squeezed, and pushed towards the Chequers, where Poynder had ensconced himself behind the bar, paying a just tribute of admiration to Carrick for his inimitable play and fielding. Here, seated with Cumlin, Margaret, and others, Edmund felt great pleasure when his eyes met those of the smuggler's daughter. They both felt that nature was working her wondrous power within their bosoms, while Cumlin appeared to have cast away all gloom and care. His brow was serene, and he felt a deep interest in that side espoused by his young friend. And here we will leave the party, quaffing the light sherry and manly ports, while we take our readers to the pavilion.

This noble elevation appeared of considerable extent, possessing a robing or retiring apartment for the ladies, and one for the gentlemen, at opposite extremities of the awning. The principal apartment was capable of dining fifty persons, and the tables now groaned under every delicacy that a cold dinner could afford—arranged by the messman of the Royal Staff Corps. A bright silver service glittered on the damask, and plates were laid for forty-five persons. Without the principal area were awnings to prevent the atmosphere, or sun, from inconveniencing the fair occupants of this tent. When the se-

cond innings terminated, Miss Johnson, who sat gazing intently on the players, rose abruptly, and retired to the private apartment, where she relieved her labouring heart by respiring at freedom. She had seen one who had awakened in her the remembrance of the past. She had again heard his voice—witnessed his eagle glance? but how came he there? who was he with? and who was that beautiful vision by his side. "Ah," the fair girl muttered to herself, "it must be the young painter of Florence, he who excelled all others in his art; yes," she pursued, drawing from her bosom a miniature, "this is his wondrous work, a striking likeness of my unworthy self, and he painted this; little does he suspect that his own image is for ever present to my heart—so intellectual, so honourable. To meet him here, and as a player at this game, and in this, as in every other occupation, he excels. I must and will speak to him. There may be indecorum—indelicacy in this, but I care not. Life without his company is a burthen. What care I for the admiration of fops—their eternal adulation is nauseous, disgusting." The brilliant beauty paused, and, struck by a sudden thought, she said, "He will dine here, I must caution him; I will either see him or write; but how can I convey a letter to his hands? my page, ah, he is secret, he must be or—" Here her countenance assumed a different complexion. Her ripe lips were firmly compressed, and resolution seemed to be one of the strongest attributes of her powerful character. The beautiful girl then severed a fly leaf from one of the volumes she had in vain attempted to peruse, and on which she wrote:—"Edmund—You remember Florence, the banks of the Arno, and Sarah! You will dine at the same table with her to-day; be cautious and be wary. After the amusement of the day she will see you." Sarah folded this note, and placing it in the hands of the page, with proper instructions how to deliver it, she emerged from the pavilion into the open air, to enjoy the luxury of the refreshing atmosphere and her own thoughts.

Edmund Poynder had given himself up to the pleasing influence of the lovely Margaret. He studied to please, and was successful in his efforts to entertain her. He introduced those light topics of the day, interspersed with observations on men and manners. She had observed before that Poynder possessed a rich vein of satire; he was absolutely crushing and pitiless in his observations on affectation and on an assumption of knowledge, while his remarks on vanity were merciless. He had just concluded some observations on those characters he had met with in life, when Margaret said, "Mr. Poynder, you appear

severe to day on many persons. Have you not a good word for those you have loved and respected?"

Edmund's countenance resumed its usual kind expression, yet the question induced a fit of musing, which astonished the gentle being beside him. He observed this, and remarked, "Miss Cumlin, will you honour me by accepting my arm for a walk until the game commences; I will then endeavour to answer your question."

Margaret accepted the arm of Edmund, and they emerged from the booth, and pursued their way to the margin of the plain in silence. When they arrived at the extremity of the green sward, Edmund said, with slight emotion, "You have asked whether I have not 'a good word for those I have loved and respected.' If I have within the last few moments permitted myself to indulge in condemning certain characters I have studied in the world, it by no means implies that I am indifferent to the best and noblest feelings of the soul; but I, though young, have suffered from deceit and cunning. Beauty and intellect have possessed a power over me: they have almost scared my brain and withered my heart."

Margaret trembled as Poynder continued. "There is soul, intellect, and humane feelings in your heart, Miss Cumlin, which almost commands confidence, and I feel as if impelled by a secret power to disclose some of those events of my life which will account for the strangeness of my language to you this day."

"But," interrupted Margaret, "I have no right to be your confidant, and yet I feel a strong desire to learn your history."

"Perhaps, Miss Cumlin, you may have the greatest right of any living to know my faults and my weaknesses."

Margaret blushed deeply as Edmund uttered these words with an agitated voice.

"I gazed on a form this day which has brought before my mind events which have cast a deep shade on my existence; and although I did not perceive her countenance, yet her figure is too remarkable to be mistaken. When at play I could perceive her lustrous eyes riveted on me, and an indefinable sensation pervaded my heart. You shall hear the short story of our acquaintance."

"But who is this lady; her name; her lineage?" inquired Margaret, in an altered voice.

Edmund looked in the countenance of Miss Cumlin, and her features had undergone as great an alteration as her voice; a flush appeared on her lovely cheeks, and her eyes sparkled with almost fierce fire. He remained speechless for a moment; his heart beat with quickened pulsation; a sensation of regret and gratification pervaded

his frame as he answered Margaret's interrogatories.

"Alas! Miss Cumlin; too well I know her name and lineage: her rank is noble; her lineage ancient; her person lovely; her intellect superhuman; and yet what is all this to me or to thee, excepting to prove that riches, talent, and loveliness cannot constitute every ingredient in the great sum of human felicity."

"You have met this perfection then, and you love her?" asked Margaret, in a subdued voice, and with a trembling frame, which sent the life current with rapidity through the veins of her companion.

"Hear me, sweet girl. Where the Arno meanders in its course, on its romantic banks stands a lovely building, in which I dwell for four months, studying the art of landscape painting. The fair city of Florence raises its proud palaces on its banks, conspicuous for its buildings and for its vertu. It was in this gorgeous city that I first met with Miss——."

Edmund here felt his arm slightly touched by some one, and, on turning, he perceived a page in livery at his side. He appeared slightly agitated as the youth, with cap in hand, and a graceful inclination of his body, said,—"I speak to Mr. Edmund Poynder."

"That is my name."

"This note I am directed to deliver into your hands."

Saying which the page bowed with marked respect, and disappeared in the direction of the pavilion.

"I thought so," murmured Edmund. "Excuse me, Miss Cumlin, I will explain all this mystery to you at another time, if you will condescend to listen to a simple story. Allow me to escort you to your father."

"By no means, sir; do not let me embarrass you—perhaps your presence is required by the peerless beauty who forwards to you her commands, and I cannot permit myself to be any obstacle to your happiness," replied Miss Cumlin, with bitterness.

"And am I misunderstood by you as well as by all? Oh, Margaret, you will one day think differently, and acquit me of conduct which may appear strange and equivocal; but I must submit to your suspicions at present. I shall, however, soon relieve myself from erroneous impressions."

The pair had now nearly reached the booth when they were met by Waldron, to whom Edmund consigned his companion with a melancholy air, while Margaret regarded him with surprise and saddened feeling.

Edmund, when alone, opened the note, and perused the contents with surprise. He muttered "Strange, extraordinary. I shall then dine at the same table with her,

amongst the aristocracy of Kent; shall, perhaps, be seated next to her—or opposite—shall observe the attentions of the noble and ignoble at that fair shrine; but I must be wary of whom and for what?" The upper lip of the musing painter curled slightly as he uttered the last words, and he continued—"And she will see me after the sports of the day are concluded. Proud, peerless, beautiful girl, you in vain struggle against fate. All these rare gifts of mind and person are prostituted at the shrine of powerful passion: and yet, oh God! I do not love her. I have never felt for this pearl of the aristocracy of England any other feeling than admiration for her extraordinary personal gifts and varied accomplishments. Am I then to play the hypocrite—the part of a wretch to one so intellectual? And Margaret too! I know not what course to pursue. Fate leads me onward; and in vain I struggle against events which are constantly occurring to astonish and confound my best resolves."

The bell now reverberated along the plain which summoned the cricketers to the banquet, and, with a slow step, Edmund sought his friend Carrick.

The friends, after a few words together, proceeded to the pavilion. Before entering which, the two gentlemen repaired to the robing booth to change their dresses, and while discoursing on the immense advantages the officers possessed over the county players, a servant in livery appeared at the entrance to the tent, and desired to speak to Carrick.

"We have no secrets from each other, sir, and you may deliver your message," cried the cricketer.

"Mr. Dean wishes to speak a word with you before dinner, sir."

"Oh, say I will be with him instantly," replied Carrick.

The next moment Carrick left the booth, and after some minutes he returned with rage and determination depicted on his manly countenance. "Edmund, I have been grossly insulted, and so have you. Dean is no gentleman, and so I told him."

"What can you mean, my friend?"

"The squire on meeting me outside the pavilion assumed a very civil air, and said, that 'in consequence of an accession of company, he was compelled to request that you and myself would dine in this booth.'"

"Ah, ah, ah," rejoined Poynder, laughing bitterly; "and what answer did you return?"

"I said I would see him in an untenable place first, and then left him."

"Good! Carrick; and I will act as you do: and if you will permit me to resent this evident insult, he will remember our decision of character on a cricket-field to his latest hour."

"Here is my hand, Poynder, and I leave the whole affair to you."

The entrance became again darkened, and a servant in livery placed on the table dinner and covers for two, with wine and every luxury, and respectfully waited for further instructions.

"Come, my friend," cried Poynder gaily, "the dinner waits;" and the two friends sat down with the air of philosophers to a really elegant banquet. Poynder raised a glass of sherry to his lips, gave "Independence, determination, and honesty to all Kentish cricketers," which Carrick drank with a smile and a frown.

After the cloth was cleared, the friends called for wine and cigars, and dismissed their attendant. "Now, my friend," cried Poynder, "we will teach the aristocrats a lesson. I propose that we pay for our dinner and wine, and then repair to the Chequers with our luggage and bats."

"Bravo, bravo, Poynder, I agree." The waiter again appeared—the bill was demanded and refused by the messman; but, being insisted on, was at length produced and discharged. The friends then departed for the Chequers. On entering which they observed Waldron, Cumlin, Margaret, Afery, Jane, Hamish, and Sarson, with many youths of the vicinity. The alteration in Poynder's dress, from breeches and gaiters to snow-white ducks, added much to his personal appearance, which was observed by the fashionable. The cricketers were offered seats, which they accepted, ordered their cigars, and joined with the company in their refreshments.

Cumlin, with a contracted brow, regarded the new arrivals for some time, and then in harsh accents remarked, "I have heard that you gentlemen were invited to dine with the other cricketers, and when the hour arrived you were refused that high honour. Is this true?"

"Yes, sir, quite correct; confusion to them," replied Carrick.

"What! Do you propose to resent this palpable insult?"

"I leave it entirely in Poynder's hands," rejoined Carrick.

"And in good hands you leave your honour and reputation," cried Miss Cumlin, with a flashing eye. "He knows well how to repel an insult or revenge an injury."

Edmund gazed on the beautiful countenance of Margaret, and he there saw traced legibly the highest indignation at the affront passed on himself and friend. Yes, although she made no attempt to conceal her bitter scorn at the conduct of the aristocracy, yet she felt relieved from an enormous load of anxiety in perceiving that Edmund bore his chagrin with contemptuous equanimity. Every one present joined with Cumlin and his daughter in their con-

demnation of the conduct of Dean towards the best cricketers in Kent. Margaret returned Edmund's look with one of pride and affection, which caused him some uneasiness.

The time had now arrived for the continuance of the game, and "play, play," again resounded over the wide plain. Still Carrick and Poynder puffed their cigars with indifference, while looks were directed by the spectators towards them. Presently a servant in livery appeared, and inquired for the cricketers; but the answer was, "they are not yet ready." The garrison were all in the field but the friends, and their names could be heard echoing over the plain. Still the friends sat chatting with their companions in the Chequers, and Edmund found the sweet converse of Margaret so entertaining, that he felt indisposed to exchange it for the field. He was conversing in low tones on the subject which was interrupted by the appearance of the page of Sarah Johnson, when his story was again interrupted by the appearance of Captain Phipps. That jovial officer, ignorant of the offence given, entered the tent, and gaily requested the players to leave the jolly god, and finish the sports of the day. While Phipps was urging Carrick and Poynder to their duty, Cumberland and Dean entered; and the latter, addressing himself to Poynder, demanded his presence in the field.

Edmund rose from his seat, and with great dignity said: "Mr. Dean, when the garrison did me the honour to request us to play on this plain, it was understood that myself and friend were to appear on an equality with the other gentlemen, and that we should partake of your pleasures both in the field and at the banquet. We have not disgraced ourselves as gentlemen in this day's contest, but you have attempted to degrade us before ladies, nobles, and gentlemen; therefore I inform you, that as we are not considered sufficiently exalted to sit with you at table, we are utterly unfitted to play out this game."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The rage depicted on Dean's face was great at this address. The officers looked at Dean in utter astonishment for an explanation of this strange scene. Edmund regained his seat amidst great applause and clapping of hands, while Dean stammered forth that such persons were not calculated to associate with the aristocracy. This roused Edmund again from his seat: "I shall not quarrel with the stupid and senseless prejudices of this scion of a noble house. The blood that circulates in his veins is not more pure or uncontaminated than that now animating this heart, and which has never been suf-

lied by crime or meanness. But I shall take another opportunity to speak on this subject. All I have now to advance is, that my friend Carrick and myself were invited to this plain to play and dine by individuals as much Mr. Dean's superiors in unprejudiced intelligence as they are elevated above him in birth, wealth, and station; and they are as much insulted as ourselves."

The squire's face became livid with passion, and he spoke with difficulty.

"I shall not bandy words with the son of a yeoman; I quarrel only with my equals. I shall revenge myself for the insult these words convey. I ask again, do you refuse to play?"

Poynder replied: "Once for all, sir, I will not. My family are indeed yeomen, and tenants of your father, and you may do them an injury; but the moment you contemplate injuring them, that moment you draw on your own head a punishment you cannot dream of." Edmund had approached Dean, and after delivering these remarks, whispered in the squire's ear, which turned the proud youth to marble; his colour changed to red and then to white, his lips were compressed, his eyeballs starting from their sockets, as he shouted: "Mention that again, and you shall quickly repent your presumption." Edmund smiled. He approached Poynder to seize him by the collar, or to strike him. Dean was one of the most powerful young men of his time, and is a strong man still, and any member of the Lower House may satisfy himself by gazing on one of the members for Kent seated behind Sir Robert Peel. Before he could revenge himself on Poynder for his fearless language, he was confronted by Captain Cumberland, who with a fierce glance demanded if "He was his equal in birth?" to which Dean assented with surprise.

"Then in that case I demand to know whether it is in consequence of your prejudices relative to dining, that these men will not play out the game."

"I certainly do not consider it an honour to dine with tradesmen or tenants, and I told these persons so."

"You did," answered Cumberland. "And do you know, Mr. Dean, that you are defeating the garrison by this procedure? and do you suppose we are to be treated in this way with impunity?"

"On my soul, Captain Cumberland, you do me injustice," returned Dean. "I had no idea that these men would decline to play the game out; I thought they knew their station in life and the interests of their families better."

"Pooh, pooh, this will never do. I draw my descent from the house of Brunswick, and I imagine that if myself and brother

officers of the Royal Staff Corps considered it no degradation to dine with men like Mr. Poynder, who, I am informed, is an artist of great promise and a gentleman in manners, I do not think that a country gentleman could have had any objection. But you, sir, have committed us all, and I cannot blame these men."

Dean's face became scarlet at this address of the manly officer, and he again appealed to Carrick to play, but without success. This fine specimen of a Kentish cricketer replied, "I shall do as Poynder does."

The officers and Dean then left the Chequers, and repaired to the field; and after an unequal contest of eleven to nine, the garrison were beaten. Thus, through pride and prejudice, one of the best contested games of cricket was sacrificed, and the after-sports of the day rendered uninteresting.

William Dean was an ardent admirer of the lovely Sarah Johnson—nay more, he adored her, and had resolved more than once to confess his affection for so much elegance, intellect, and beauty. All lovers are not blind, if the god that inspires love is; and some of the passionate race are extremely lynx-eyed. On this eventful day Dean discovered that Miss Johnson was more absent, and appeared to be more reserved, than usual. He soon discovered that another object in the field beside his sweet self engaged more of her attention than he approved. His suspicions soon rested on Poynder, whose play was the theme for general admiration. He was resolved to be convinced, and for that purpose seated himself by her side at the conclusion of the second innings, and soon had his suspicions confirmed. To be rivalled by one of the sons of his father's tenants was not to be borne; to be braved by a yeoman's son was madness; and he resolved to prevent their meeting, if possible—hence his attempts to induce the cricketers to dine in another booth, and which drew on him suspicions, the effects of which he was doomed to feel the force of. When, therefore, Dean imperiously demanded that Poynder should play the game out, and received a proud defiance to his threats, he was moved as much by jealousy as anger; and when Edmund whispered in his ears the name of "Sarah," his rage knew no discretion, and but for Cumberland he would have committed an act of violence which might have consigned him to the tomb, and not to a life of usefulness.

When the ladies and gentlemen took their seats at the banquet, Sarah looked in vain for Edmund's appearance. She could not eat; seemed out of spirits and irritable during the repast. The conversation of

Dean, who sat beside her, was unheeded, and the bright creature looked the picture of despair. She dared not utter a word, fearing to be suspected; and yet she was more than once tempted to dare all, and ask the reason for the absence of two of the players.

The banquet ended, and the ladies retired. Sarah, after a few moments dedicated to her toilet, left the pavilion alone, and wandered over the plain a prey to conflicting sensations. She imagined she might meet Edmund by accident; but after walking until the bell sounded for play, she returned back disappointed and angry with herself and every one, especially at Edmund, whom she imagined had thus designedly shunned her. Confused murmurs were now heard by her from the Chequers, and many persons were perceived to enter the booth. At length Captain Cumberland and Dean left, and walked hurriedly in the direction of the pavilion, where they perceived Sarah seated. She noticed they were angry with each other; this excited no other feeling than curiosity to ascertain the cause of dispute. Dean departed for the field, and the chafed captain threw himself on the grass in gloomy silence.

"Why, Captain Cumberland," cried Sarah, "what can be the matter? what has occurred to chafe the British lion thus?"

"Ah, Miss Johnson," returned Cumberland, with bitterness, "you notice my chagrin. The fact is, Mr. Dean has spoiled our sport by his pride, wounded the feelings of a worthy young man and his friend, and thus deprived us of their play."

"Indeed, and pray who are they that are thus disgusted by the squire?"

"Mr. Poynder and his friend Carrick."

"And what offence has Mr. Dean given that deprives you of their valuable assistance?" inquired Miss Johnson, her eyes sparkling with anger.

"An insult, lady, that only blood should have erased, had it been offered to me," responded the officer, passionately.

"Good heavens, keep me no longer in suspense. Inform me the grounds of the quarrel."

"Forgive me, lady," replied Cumberland, with a touch of feeling in his manner; "I had forgotten the relation between you and Mr. Dean. It was but a trifle, and is now settled."

Miss Johnson coloured slightly as she answered, firmly and proudly, "I can assure Captain Cumberland that he need not be silent with regard to Mr. Dean; he is the same relation to me as he ever will be. Could that offence be a 'trifle' that induced so gallant a gentleman as Captain Cumberland to say that 'only blood should erase' such an insult?"

"I perceive that I cannot conceal the

misfortune any longer." The captain then related the circumstances, and spoke of Edmund's conduct as evincing true courage. Miss Johnson seemed agitated, and appeared to approve the manliness of Edmund. Her eyes thanked the gallant officer for his generous interference to a stranger. Cumberland regarded Sarah with admiration, and then remarked, with much warmth, "Ah, Miss Johnson, you are wise enough to perceive that it is not by cherishing the prejudices of rank so as to inflict on the rising intelligence of the age a consciousness of an inferiority, that the upper classes of society can be respected or loved. I perceive that you feel as I do the insane conduct of Mr. Dean to a young man who evinced much dignity, courage, and calmness, under the insult inflicted. Mr. Poynder was cheered by a numerous company, while the conduct of Mr. Dean was openly reprobated."

"I thank you, captain, for your appreciation of my feelings towards those who are considered our inferiors in rank. I have met in humble life real talent and genius, blended with upright and honourable principles, which have induced me to lend an assistance towards the development of those higher attributes which adorn our natures, distinguish us in science and morality, and conduce to happiness."

"Admirable, excellent woman, I am delighted to listen to you. You elevate yourself immeasurably above half your sex, when you express sentiments so philosophical and just. Ah! how unfortunate that I cannot call such perfection mine. Forgive me," he added hastily, "for the allusion; I know how hopeless are such desires; but your generosity towards the poor and friendless induces me to forget myself. Oh, may you long continue to foster such sentiments. May you never forget to be thus noble, philanthropic, and good."

The captain rose hastily, and departed almost choked with emotion.

Miss Johnson gazed after the handsome captain with interest, and she muttered: "As good as great, how immeasurably the superior of the class to which he belongs. A descendant of a long line of monarchs, and yet sensible to the rights of humanity. Ah, if all our nobles could be brought to think as this young man, how different would be the condition of the poor! with what feelings of gratitude would they be penetrated. But the aristocracy are imbued with an opinion of the *natural* inferiority of the humbler classes. There are many similar to Dean who affect to condemn, coerce, and insult them with impunity. This he has done to Edmund—bruised a heart he cannot understand—a young man destined at no distant day to

perpetuate his name in the annals of science, literature, and art.

While the foregoing transpired, Edmund Poynder remained a prey to contending emotions of anger and outraged feelings. Margaret perceived this, and attempted to soothe his spirit; and in this sweet office whose voice is so powerful and potent as that of woman, especially of the one beloved? In a short time Poynder could jest on what had inflicted exquisite pain, and he treated with ridicule the assumption of Dean. His remarks were listened to with eagerness, and produced an effect on the company not easily erased. No one regarded Edmund with greater admiration than the smuggler's daughter, and she treated every one with indifference who affected to speak slightly of the object of her solicitude. The old smuggler almost regarded Edmund as a son. The whole of the company were not happy in the Chequers that eventful afternoon; Jane Gettings and Affrey Jeffery, Captain Sarson and James Waldron, appeared agitated by various emotions, which the reader can readily imagine from what has been related.

The Hythe Club, indignant at the insult passed on their body in the person of Poynder, left the ground as soon as the fact was known that the game was lost. We beg leave to remove our characters to their different habitations.

(To be continued.)

COURTESIES AT HONGKONG— VISIT FROM KEYING.

War is one of the instruments in the hand of Providence to create friendship among nations. How different are the scenes we are about to copy from the *China Mail*, from those witnessed in the days of Lord Anson, and down to 1840, between the English and the Chinese. The picture here furnished of the Celestial Keying is not a little interesting:

On the 20th of November last, about sunset, the Virgin steamer which had been sent to Canton for the purpose, arrived at Hongkong with the commissioner and suite. As the vessel approached the wharf, the Chinese band "poured around a torrent of shrill sounds," and on Keying's stepping on shore, three gigantic crackers were fired off, which we presume is the Chinese method of saluting. Having seated himself in his chair, and an attendant with a brush having dusted the soles of his immense shoes, the procession, composed of English, Chinese, and Indians, proceeded along the road, producing a picturesque effect. Near the head of the crowd was a Chinese band, making, like

that of Chrononhotonthologos, "rough music," and taking due advantage of their position to let their instruments be heard, followed by a parcel of boys fluttering little banners, but whether in triumph or in defence we could not make out. There were also men bearing aloft pavilions such as our readers at home may see on porcelain cups and lackered ware; and mingled with these were others carrying large boards on their shoulders inscribed with Chinese characters, which may have been intended to set forth the titles and dignities of the commissioner; and the bare feet and tattered appearance of the fellows themselves might also have been intended to mark the contrast between the great men and their pursuivants. The guard which followed must have been one of honour solely; for their weapons, of all imaginable shapes, were merely of painted wood, the blades being ornamented with gold-leaf and tinfoil. There was something very fantastic about these men of war, and the effect was greatly heightened by the towering tinsel head-dress of some, and the red hats of others, with a feather, which instead of standing stiff and erect, by the rule of contraries which prevails in China, hung loose and dangling upon the shoulders. The executioners may be considered as forming a part of this group. They were clad in sober-coloured frieze, with grey hats shaped precisely like those of the guards, and each armed with a whip or other instrument of corrective justice. At some distance followed a body of sepoys with their band, sadly puzzled to keep time or tune with another Chinese one, immediately behind, consisting of eight performers on gongs, cymbals, and wind instruments; for it must be remarked that all the available music was to be heard together, mingled in one inharmonious whole. The principal wind instruments were in shape like a flageolet with a child's brass trumpet stuck to the end of it, emitting a sound precisely like the chanter of a bagpipe without the drone. Then came Keying in a large, comfortable sedan chair, borne by eight coolies, and guarded by a body of police; and behind were the officers of the military staff of the colony, and a series of chairs having mandarins of superior button and unquestionable feather, down to others who had nothing to distinguish their rank except the company they were found in. The next forenoon the governor, accompanied by the major-general and military staff, called upon Keying, who received his visitors with his accustomed graceful urbanity, embracing his excellency and the general. The appearance of the attorney-general gowned and wigged, created some astonishment, which was speedily turned to laughter by the

good humour of the honourable and learned gentleman himself. Being a visit of compliment, Keying was not forgetful of the usual forms of Chinese etiquette, and when the company rose, he conducted the governor to the outer door, and took a ceremonious leave. At four o'clock in the afternoon the Chinese returned the visit in state, and afterwards accompanied the governor to witness a review of the troops.

The next day the imperial commissioner partook of the hearty hospitality of the major-general. The imperial commissioner, accompanied by five other mandarins of high rank, and attended by his motley group of retainers, arrived at the major-general's about a quarter before seven. Upon alighting from his chair, the commissioner was received with all the honours due to his distinguished rank, the guard presenting arms, and the band playing the national anthem. The party at dinner, from the smallness of the apartments, was limited to sixteen. In the centre was placed the imperial standard of China, waving beside the banner of England. Over the doorways were hung appropriate Chinese mottoes on crimson silk, expressive of the good understanding existing between the two nations; and this being in accordance with Chinese custom, the foreign visitors expressed themselves much gratified with the attention. Upon the cloth being removed, the major-general gave first:—"The queen of England and the emperor of China, and may the happy relations subsisting between the two countries be productive of increased commerce and prosperity to both." The general in the second toast addressed Keying more at length, and after expressing the honour and gratification he felt in receiving him on the present occasion, added that, bred and born a soldier like himself, it was not his intention to occupy much time with unnecessary compliments, but simply to assure him that he gave him, with all sincerity, a soldier's welcome, and felt satisfied there was that professional sympathy between them, that would lead him to accept it with corresponding cordiality. Having said thus much, the major-general continued:—"I must not forget the high representative and diplomatic capacity in which his excellency is now among us, or the great objects of commercial union and peace he is come here to consolidate. In that capacity, therefore, and as the representative of the highest authority in China, I beg leave to propose his health—the health of Keying the enlightened statesman, and who, alike the friend of England and of China, has taught us to respect him as much for his political talents, as we value him for his social qualities." Keying listened with great attention, and seemed

anxious to have every sentence translated fully as the general went along. After the loud applause with which his health had been drunk had somewhat subsided, Keying replied with great grace and readiness, to the effect that, "though his talents had been greatly overrated, the general had only done justice to his sincerity, for he could assure him on the faith of a Tartar soldier, while he had any voice in the affairs of China, the peace and prosperity of both our countries would be always the objects nearest to his heart." He then gave his hand to the major-general and the governor, who sat beside him with earnest good-will, as if anxious by this act to convey at once his public feeling and his personal acknowledgement. Nothing could exceed the affability and good humour of Keying, accompanied by the highest tact and good breeding. He was jovial at dinner, but without excess; and after having volunteered a Manchow Tartar song, which he gave with great spirit, the company adjourned to the drawing-room, where a party, consisting of the ladies of the garrison, with most of the naval and military officers and civil residents, had assembled. Keying went the round of the room with the utmost blandness, offering his hand to each of the ladies, and distinguished one or two of them by little presents of purses or rosaries taken from his person. There was one little girl in particular, about seven years of age, present, in whom Keying seemed much interested, and it was delightful to witness the good nature and benevolence of his manner when he took her upon his knee to caress her, and then placed an ornament about her neck. His fine Tartar head and person, grouped with the infant beauty of the little stranger, formed quite a picture. Keying retired shortly after eleven o'clock, but not till he had asked the general, with characteristic good nature, if he wished him to remain any longer, evidently desirous not to disappoint the guests, who crowded round him with a mingled feeling of respect and curiosity. There was another instance of high breeding worthy of being recorded. A married lady who was sitting near him attracted a good deal of his attention, and having desired one of his attendants to bring him a silk handkerchief he presented it to her, and begged he might retain her own in exchange for it. The lady was momentarily embarrassed, and Keying seeing this, said "he hoped he had done nothing contrary to our usages of propriety," an apology which was immediately appreciated and understood.

In the course of the following day, the last conference took place between the English and Chinese plenipotentiaries, and in the evening Keying gave a sumptuous entertainment in the Chinese fashion. The

hour of dinner specified in the invitations, which are curiosities in their way, was six o'clock, and before that time all the guests had assembled in one of the lower rooms, except the governor, upon whose arrival being announced, Keying hurried to welcome his excellency at the landing-place, and to conduct him to a seat in the centre of the room—the rest of the company sitting in arm-chairs formally placed on either side, with a small table between each two. The half-hour before dinner, proverbially dull and trying to the patience in Europe, is in China relieved by the sedulous attentions of the entertainers, and by refreshments of the finest tea, which are offered to each guest in little cups—what with us is the saucer being made to perform the more useful office of a cover to preserve the aroma. Dinner being announced, the company proceeded up stairs to the sound of music which had not the least resemblance to the "Roast Beef of Old England." A large table was set out in the spacious saloon, at the centre of which sat Keying, with Sir John Davis on his left hand, and major-general D'Aguiar on his right.

Before each guest was placed a plate and *kwai-tz*, or chopsticks, on one side, and a knife, fork, and spoon, on the other. The chopsticks, however, were pretty generally used, a little awkwardly, it must be admitted, by the English, while the mandarins, probably out of politeness to their guests, occasionally made use of fork and spoon. Beyond the plates were ranged innumerable little pyramids of preserves, pickles, and dried seeds, which, from the experiments we made, we presume were not intended to be eaten, but placed merely for show; but at the left hand there was a small saucer of sweetmeats and salted relishes, which were partaken and washed down with a glass of wine. And then commenced the more important part of the feast by the army of servants setting before each guest a small bowl, about the size of a moderate breakfast cup, of bird's-nest soup, which might pass for very good vermicelli at home, and scarcely merits the celebrity it has obtained, or seems worth the enormous price it is said to cost. After the bird's-nest soup there were, venison soup, duck soup, never-to-be-sufficiently-praised sharks-fin soup, chesnut soup, pork stew, a sort of vegetable *pâtes*, with gravy in a separate saucer, stag-sinew soup, shark-skin soup, second only to his elder brother of the fin, earth-nut ragout, a gelatine soup, made, we were told, of the pith of stags' horns, macerated mushroom and chestnut soup, stewed ham, sweetened with sugar or syrup, a stew of bamboo shoots, another of fish-maws, esculents with hot sauce, slices of hot cakes and cold jam-puffs; with numerous other nonde-

script soups and stews, in large bowls placed in the centre of the table, of which vegetables, pigeons, eggs, and more especially pork seemed to be component parts, showing Chinese cooks, like Beaumont and Fletcher's, to be "thoroughly grounded in the mysteries and hidden knowledge of all soups, sauces, and salads whatsoever." In such a labyrinth of novel dishes, even the most practised gourmand might have been excused for feeling a little at a loss; and our entertainers seemed to appreciate the circumstance; for when any particular good mess came upon the table, they would put some upon the plates of those near them; and Keying, with the most refined Chinese politeness, more than once took a tit-bit from his own dish, and conveyed it with his chopsticks to the honoured guests beside him. Lest there might have been any one who could not contrive to make a sumptuous dinner from such materials, there were in the centre of the table roast peacock, pheasant, and ham; and tea was several times served to relieve this active "alimentary progression" never dreamt of by Ude or Brillat-Savarin. It is worth noting as a remarkable circumstance, that during the whole dinner there was not a grain of rice on the table, not even mixed with other food, though almost all writers tell us it is never wanting at a Chinese dinner of any sort. There is no lack of good wines, liqueurs, and mandarin samshoo at dinner, nor were the Chinese unmindful to do due honour to them by frequently pledging their guests; and this soon came to be no light matter, for they were never satisfied with a mere sip, but insisted on bumpers every time, and that the glass should be turned upon the table in proof of its having been honestly emptied. The effect upon themselves was scarcely perceptible, though we remarked a formidable-looking Tartar opposite where we sat, who, besides his share of champagne and other wines, discussed the greater part of a bottle of maraschino, and made serious inroads upon another of noyeau, stroking his chain and exclaiming "Hoh!" at each glass. The succession of soups must have occupied nearly three hours; and when it at length came to a close, Keying rose to dedicate a cup to the Queen of Heaven; and forthwith a series of low benches covered with crimson cloth, were ranged from one end of the room to the other, and were speedily loaded with roast pig, hams, fowls, and other substantial dishes, and before each a cook or butcher, we could not tell which, sat down *a-la-Chinoise*, and, taking a knife like a cutlass, commenced slicing it down, in defiance of the maxims of the "Carver's Guide," grasping the joint with the left hand, the long nails of which served for both fork and spoon. The ceremony

is intended as an acknowledgement of the bounty of the Queen of Heaven, and is gone through before the guests to show them that after the exuberance of dishes with which they have been served, there is still enough and to spare. The sliced meat was set upon the table, as were also cold mutton and pork, none of which were eaten; and then succeeded a dessert of fruits and preserves, with abundance of wine, cordials, and samshoo. The "most prolonged breakfast," says Sir W. Scott, cannot well last above an hour, but he does not set any limits to dinners, as in his own practice he observed none. The one we are speaking of had already extended almost to four hours; and to the best of our recollection, the more substantial food was not entirely removed when the dessert came upon the table, while the toasts we think had commenced beforehand. The first was "the queen of England and the emperor of China," which was drunk with tremendous applause, the Chinese being especially vociferous, huzzing, clapping their hands, and beating the table in the most approved English public dinner fashion, the band in the adjoining room striking up what we presume was an appropriate air, but which sounded to our ears not unlike a Highland pibroch. A few other toasts followed, amongst the rest the king of the French and the king of Sweden, each of whom had a subject among the guests; and Keying then called upon the governor for a song, as a condition to giving one himself, which he afterwards did, and very well too, and joined lustily in the applause with which it was received. Pwany-tsye-shing gave us two songs; the emperor's son-in-law excused himself on account of a hoarseness, brought on doubtless by the unwonted exercise of his lungs during the visit; and an attendant Tartar, a descendant of Genghis-khan, we were told, chanted a wild lilt, having many of the characteristics of an old Scottish or Irish air. On the part of the English guests, besides the governor, songs were sung by the major-general, the chief justice, hon. F. Bruce, and Mr. Shortrede. The Chinese are fond of enlivening their entertainments with shows and dramatic exhibitions, and most authors speak of these as invariable accompaniments. The present dinner was an exception, probably because visits to foreign powers never having been dreamt of in China, players form no part of an ambassador's retinue. However, a substitute was found in a game which we do not remember ever having seen described. Two flowers (dahlias) were given to Keying, who first twirling them round his head, and then holding them to his nose, gave one to the governor and another to the general, who was desired to

hand them round the table. In the meantime a drum was kept beating in the outer room, the performer at random making a sudden stop; and the person in whose hand the flower then chanced to be found was required to quaff off a bumper of wine. This sport, from the sort of 'esprit de patrie' with which it was kept up, created a good degree of amusement, the Chinese being especially mindful to watch their victims, and laughing good humouredly when caught themselves. In sporting phrase, the pace of the evening had been uncommonly fast, and all "caroused potations pottle deep;" but whether it was the excellence of the drink or the counteracting effects of the ragouts, every one, European and Chinese, seemed quite able to carry his liquor discreetly. The company broke up about eleven o'clock, Keying and the rest of the Chinese accompanying their guests down stairs, and taking leave of them at the door, both appearing to be mutually satisfied with the meeting.

At half-past six o'clock next morning, the minister embarked on board the steamer for Canton. A man so famous in the eastern world as Keying, was of course the observed of all observers during his visit. He is, we should suppose, of some fifty years of age, his tall and majestic form being graced with manners at once dignified and courteous. His whole deportment, in short, was that of a perfectly well-bred man of the world; and but for his dress and language, he might have been taken for a fine specimen of the old English gentleman of the highest class. As we saw him on such public occasions his bland countenance was beaming with good-humoured benevolence; but it is of an intellectual cast, and lighted up with a twinkling eye, which as occasion demands would be equally expressive of penetrating shrewdness as of social glee.

STRAY NOTES ON THE CHURCHES AND CHURCH-GOERS OF WORCESTERSHIRE.

BY A RAMBLER.

GREAT WITLEY.—My journey to this place was accomplished on her majesty's Ludlow mail, which took me to the gates of Lord Ward's lodge in about an hour and a quarter. The public road to the parish church passes close in front of the mansion, which is now occupied by her majesty the Queen Dowager; Lord Ward, who purchased the property from the Foley family (in whose possession it had remained for two centuries), being on the continent. Having some time on my hands I sauntered through the grounds, the beauty and excellent arrangement of which were

source of admiration, although a December fog, like a thick veil over nature's face, hid half her beauties from me. These grounds were laid out and improved by the late Lord Foley, who had excellent taste, and a nice appreciation of landscape gardening: there are sheets of water, and islands, and cascades tumbling and foaming, and undulating surfaces embosomed in evergreens, and labyrinthine paths winding their crooked courses among verdant shrubberies, and lofty clustering trees to overlook the whole. The present approaches were also formed by the late lord, the old entrance leaving the turnpike road in front of the house, passing down an avenue and crossing the lake over a bridge. The park consisted of about 400 acres, and is well stocked with deer. There are here some gigantic oaks in full vigour—one (which is in decay) near to the south front measures thirty feet in circumference; and I may here add that immediately on the confines of the parish formerly stood an oak under which St. Augustine is said to have met the monks of Bangor; it was always called St. Augustine's oak, and may very probably have been the spot for such a celebrated meeting, for Selden considers that it took place on the western borders of Worcestershire. The park for the most part lies in Witley parish, but a small portion is in the chapelry of Little Witley. The late lord planted the young woods which surrounded the park, about 200 acres. The waters I am told, are fed from Woodbury Hill, aided by underground currents which burst forth in various parts of the parish; and as they do not vary in the hottest summer nor in the wettest winter, it is considered that they flow from some distant underground reservoir. Woodbury and Abberley hills are formed of a basaltic gravel, skirted by a layer of limestone. In the parish of Shelsley there is a basaltic dike, but not in Witley or Abberley. The substratum of the park, as of the parish, is new red sandstone, which breaks forth in the park, and crops out against the limestone which runs between the two hills, and on which lime Abberley Hall stands. The church stands upon the solid rock (red sand), and its dryness is exemplified by the gilding of the internal decorations not having been renewed since the building was erected.

The old church stood about a quarter of a mile west of the mansion; the present one is close to, and has a private entrance from the same. It was built by the first Lord Foley in the beginning of the last century, and was completed by his widow; it is dedicated to St. Michael. Nash says, very truly, that "it is a room worthy of the opulence and taste of the family." It has not much pretension to any classic

order, excepting the porch, which is Doric; and the general style of decoration is Sarcenic. The interior is very gorgeous, with paintings and splendid gold panellings. An old man, to whom I put some questions on the subject, declared that "a hoghead of gold had been melted down for the occasion." The windows were painted by Price in 1719, and represent the Annunciation, the Birth of Christ, Peter walking on the sea, the Resurrection, John baptising Christ, the Magi, &c.; the paintings were said to be Italian, and to have been designed for the chapel at Cannons, but when misfortunes befel the magnificent Duke of Chandos, and Cannons was dismantled, they were purchased by the second Lord Foley, and were found to answer the purpose well; the paintings, however, have been sadly disfigured by modern patchwork. The subjects on the ceiling consists of a dead Christ, the Ascension, &c.; they were by the Verrio who by his distinguished performances at Blenheim and Hampton Court, gave a style and perfection to the internal decorations which characterised the early part of the last century. Some good carvings adorn the ceiling and east wall; but the most attractive specimen of art is the monument in the recess at the south side of the communion table, to the first Lord Foley and his lady—probably one of Rysbrach's best; the proportions of both male and female figures appear to be perfect. On the whole, this church is one of the most magnificent and costly temples in this county dedicated to divine worship, and reflects honour on the munificence of the founder. Some shallow-minded persons have called it theatrical, Romish, and savouring of superstition; in my opinion, theirs is very erroneous. What! does it become Christians to build up a house to the God of Heaven with no more energy, pains, or cost, than one for the most trivial purpose? Shall the beauties of architecture be lavished on the concert hall, or on places of assemblage for the promotion of science and art, and the place of christian worship be only distinguished by the meanness of its structure? How appropriate is the language of the Bishop of London on this point! so much so that I will risk the chance of being called a Puseyite by quoting it here. The divine spirit (says he) sanctifies the holiest temple in the heart of the believer; and regards the pious thoughts that are breathed out in prayer, beyond all outward circumstance. And perhaps no prayers have been more graciously received than those breathed by the primitive Christians in dens and caves of old; but when kings became the nursing fathers, and queens the nursing mothers of the church; when it combines within it the chief part of the nobility, of the gen-

try, and of a other classes, then ought even its outward dignity to be asserted. As soon as the earlier Christians were permitted to exercise public worship, they built them churches with all the munificence that their means allowed; and when Christianity became the religion of the Roman empire, the splendid temples of the heathen were converted into christian churches; and after their persecutions they built them more beautiful than before. A church being erected to the glory of God, and the edification of man, it should be distinguished from all other buildings by its solemnity and dignity. Whatever is granted for the service of God, is for God and to God, as standing monuments of our love to him.

The churchyard contains nothing remarkable except a monument to a Mr. Prettyman, which, spite of my efforts, occasioned an involuntary smile in memory of the Pretty Miss recently made so famous in the memory of curtain lecturing. It is perhaps a circumstance, in which my own experience is not singular, that even on holy ground our minds are ever willingly led away by the most trivial incidents to indulge in frivolities and nonsense.

The services at the church do not commence till half-past eleven in the morning; but it seems that the artist who has taken the great clock under his especial direction not only seizes old Time "by the forelock," but would drag him on at a rate entirely unsuitable to his age and steadiness of pace; for while my ancient but unvarying pocket chronometer indicated the real time of day, the Witley dial was taking the lead by three quarters of an hour; and I was led to conclude that the village horologiographer must be not only a cunning but a bold man, and was determined that not even the arrangements of royalty itself should prevent the punctual and early discharge he owed to his dinner board. The attendance at church was not very numerous—a circumstance which surprised me, for your rural population is ever agape in the presence of rank, whether it be that of the royal blood, a live lord, or an everyday country-squire. Some months ago there was one of the largest congregations ever known at a village church near Ipswich, during a visit of Sir Robert Peel at the seat of a gentleman in the parish. It seems that in this case the rural folk went to church in the full expectation of hearing Sir Robert preach, as they had heard he was a *prime* minister; and there is no doubt the right honourable baronet would gladly have dispensed with a little of his notoriety for the occasion. This passion for gazing is one of our national traits. "Did you ever see the king?" said a boy to his father. "No, my dear, but I had an aunt that was very near seeing the Duke

of Sussex." Luckily her majesty the Queen Dowager, whose fondness for retirement renders all such public intrusions irksome, in her attendance at Witley church has the advantage of a private entrance and a large and well-sheltered pew. Her majesty did not attend the service on this morning, and I regretted to hear that indisposition was the cause. Though at present confined to the house, there is every reason, from the general state of her majesty's health, for confirming the judiciousness of her medical advisers in their recommendation of this part of Worcestershire as a pleasant and very healthy retreat. Her majesty's usual drive is over Abberley Hill to the valley of the Ovens when she can take an airing, on which occasions it is said her majesty richly enjoys the beautiful scenery of the hills. How good an example is here set to the aristocratic world, who in general are dissatisfied with everything appertaining to the country from which they draw their immense resources—the peacefulness and quiet comfort of the English village have no charms for them, and even the elegance of London society wants a "French polish" to render its surface still more deceptive. Neither English preachers, professors, artists, players, or tradesmen, have wits sufficient to keep at home these would-be foreigners, who nevertheless are wont to boast of a long line of British ancestry, and tacitly express their contempt for all things appertaining to the nation, except that important part of it, their own family pedigree. Her majesty's good sense in this, as in all other points, requires, however, no advocacy from me: it is, in brief, only equal to the uniform benevolence and extensive charities which have made her an object of the warmest benediction in the hearts of the poor, not only of the parish of Witley, but of the United Kingdom. Her majesty's stay at Witley, I hear, is likely to be prolonged. Sir Andrew Barnard and others of the suite attended divine service on the morning of my visit. The prayers were read by the worthy rector in his usual calm and unaffected style; but I must here add a word in passing. My object in these papers is by no means a laudation of the clergy;—in many cases it would be impertinent—undeserving in many more; but when I see combined in one, the man, the christian, and the faithful pastor, effecting much good openly, but infinitely more in secret, the object and tendency of whose life is the bodily and spiritual comfort of his fellow creatures, most assuredly it is my duty to seize every opportunity of defraying my portion of the debt due to him from society at large. This is one of the shepherds under whose instruction a man may sit without experi-

encing those conflicting emotions which too often occur to mar the efficacy of preaching. The pictures he draws of the christian are no fanciful sketches, and his hearers are not disgusted on comparing them with the life of the preacher. The poor have in him a sure friend, the higher classes a valued associate; and through his public usefulness and active benevolence the name of Pearson is linked with the history of much that is good and valuable in the county. The reverend gentleman, I understand, with the assistance only of his family, takes the entire charge of the parish of Witley; and I trust that, as a promoter of harmony and good will in it, he will next turn his attention to the state of the church choir, with a view to its better organisation. What misery did I not endure to hear a body of useful singers joining together for purposes of praise and glory, and consummating nothing but horror and dismay, while one or two of their forces went astray, like vicious horses in a team, and kept obstinately in a path of their own, rearing up far above their fellows. If these school children have no time for practice, it were far better for the comfort of their hearers if they altogether desisted from practising on their patience. The organ is played by a young female of the parish. The version of psalms here in use is another different one, making about the tenth I have already met with in the county and city; it apparently omits the second verses that are inserted in the Worcester version, and otherwise makes such transpositions, that it is most unlikely a stranger carrying his own book, would find the required verse till the singing had terminated. The sermon, which was a good and apparently original one, on the character of Judas, was preached by the Rev. Canon Wood, in his usually impressive manner.

The daily school at this place contains between fifty and sixty children, and there are more on a Sunday. Her majesty the Queen Dowager takes much interest in it.

The state of the parish seems to be highly satisfactory, and I am told that all the cottagers have large gardens, some a quarter of an acre, others more. The late Lord Foley, to whom the whole parish belonged, was very anxious that the cottagers should be so provided; and his memory is no doubt blessed among them.

The parish of Great Witley is not devoid of interest to the antiquary. On the crown of Woodbury Hill (situate therein) is an ancient fortification believed to be a British camp, which encloses about twenty-six acres; indeed, there is a chain of these camps from Witley into Wales, more or less perfect. This parish formed a portion of the territory of the Silures, over

which the once celebrated Caractacus ruled. There is a tradition that Owen Glendower, was posted on Woodbury, and Henry IV's forces on Abberley Hill, and that in the engagement which took place between the respective armies (A. D. 1405, after Owen's plunder of Worcester) the king's army used cannon; certain it is that cannon were used in those days, and as certain that balls (some of them 7lbs. weight) were found buried in Woodbury Hill, and one of which was presented by the rector to the Worcester Natural History Society.—*Worcester Chronicle*.

GEORGE IV AND MISS PORTER.

When Dr. Clarke, canon of Windsor, was librarian at Carlton Palace, it chanced that the authoress of "The Scottish Chiefs" joined a party, to see the library, armoury, &c. While in the library, a cast from the head of Robert Bruce, the celebrated hero-king of Scotland, was especially pointed out as a curiosity worthy the particular notice of the authoress of the well-known Scottish romance, he having been one of its heroes. During the examination of the awful relic (for it had been cast from the skeleton head of the monarch, discovered only a few months before in Dunfermline Abbey), the librarian repeated to her, in very gratifying terms, the high estimation in which his own royal master considered her biographical romance on the eventful lives of that brave king and his patriotic champion William Wallace. After that, the reverend doctor, good-humouredly, showed the chair, in the small royal library, where his majesty sat when reading her works, and other works of imagination, of which he was very fond. Another learned gentleman, whom she found there, asked her what she thought of the character of Duke Christian of Lunenburg for a romance? She frankly owned she was not sufficiently acquainted with the details of German history to answer his question. He shortly after took occasion to resume the subject with her, adding, that the king was particularly proud of his descent from that truly great prince; while the events of his private life were full of such romantic and extraordinary occurrences, that it would be hardly possible to find a more interesting theme for romance. "Indeed, (he continued, with much more to the same purpose) it would please his majesty if she would undertake the subject."

Surprised, and feeling (she replied) inexpressibly honoured by what she had just heard, she could not but repeat her former confession, of want of sufficient knowledge of the subject, to be able to say whether she could or could not write on it

to her own satisfaction. "For (she owned) she never could write on any historical character, unless it had previously excited the enthusiasm of her mind. She would, therefore, begin to read all she could gather of Duke Christian, from the various histories of Germany, and then let the learned proposer of the romance know the result of her impressions from his character." The gentleman instantly offered to her personal manuscripts, and other accounts of the Brunswick-Lunenburg family, which he had brought from Germany; adding, that should she find them have the animating effect on her genius he wished, she might assure herself his majesty would graciously command the work to be dedicated to him. Her reply contained as much good judgment, as honest independence. She observed—"She would rather the work, did she undertake it, should not be dedicated to the king. For a romance, purporting to set forth the characters of the really great and heroic German ancestors of the present royal family, if dedicated to the king himself, might be looked on as merely a piece of courtly adulation; and so lose all its value as a creditable picture of the past; whereas, if she did undertake it, it would be to fairly tell the truth of the heroes of the House of Brunswick to the British public—(most of whom probably know as little of their history as she then did herself). And she trusted, that, in the case of their being no such distinguishing dedication at the head of the book, to make the author's sincerity suspected, the principles which had gained her her country's approbation (as shown in her *Thaddeus of Warsaw* and *Scottish Chiefs*), would in the same way render Duke Christian an acceptable, because genuine hero, in the eyes of her readers."

Miss Porter soon after this received the documents promised to be sent to her; and, when perused, she returned them to their owner, with a declaration that they had awakened the interest in her imagination necessary to her feeling what she then said—that "she could write from her heart a biographical romance on the story of Duke Christian of Lunenburg, and his noble brothers." The answering post from Carlton Palace brought his majesty's commands that the work should be dedicated to him. The authoress, therefore, not presuming "to bandy argument with her sovereign," in due respect for the royal mandate, when the work was published, inscribed it according to the honour so bestowed upon her.

ANGLING EXTRAORDINARY.

Dr. Tams gives us a singularly striking picture of the process of alligator fishing, in

which some of the African tribes are reputed to excel. While the Doctor was on the banks of the Bengo, said to abound in alligators, crocodiles, and enormous snakes, which often lurk in the impenetrable jungle of reeds, he wished to know whether the river really contained any of the former; and for a small reward, a negro offered to catch one in his presence. He goes on:—

"The intrepid fisherman immediately killed a snoking-pig, and ran a moderately thick stick through the entire length of its body, which he cut open. To the middle of this stick he attached an iron chain, eight or ten feet long, by means of a clamp, and then further elongated the chain by fastening a cord to it. Armed with two strong barbed iron lances, he went on board his light canoe, and put out a short distance from the shore, while we remained in the hut watching his proceedings with great interest and curiosity. At a venture, he threw the pig into the river, and scarcely a minute had elapsed, ere a pair of enormous, widely extended jaws rose above the surface, and quickly disappeared with the treacherous prize. The fisherman took advantage of this moment, to fasten the end of the rope to his canoe, and, also, to attach his two lances by long ropes to the boat. The voracious animal soon devoured his booty, and drew the boat, which, of course, followed his every moment, first to one side of the river, and then to the other, always seeking for the deepest water. The rope being continually drawn tighter and tighter, the alligator darted with great violence above the surface, whereupon the negro vigorously thrust the lance at his head, and the monster again dived. Certain of approaching victory, he stood calmly with uplifted lance, watching for an opportunity of throwing it again, whenever his adversary might rise above the surface. We were much astonished at the man's patient assiduity, for there was once a pause of half an hour, during which the animal did not appear, but as he gradually became weaker, he rose more frequently, and at last always with his jaws wide open. The numerous wounds inflicted by the lance, and consequent loss of blood, so completely exhausted the poor alligator, that he had great difficulty in drawing the boat after him; but suddenly collecting all his remaining strength, he pulled the boat on one side with such violence, that the fisherman fell into the water. In an instant he dexterously flung himself into the boat, and continued to strike his antagonist with his harpoon. The combat lasted nearly an hour and a half, when the alligator yielded, without resistance, to the superior force of the negro, who gradually brought his boat alongside of us, and then suddenly leaping on shore, fastened the rope to a

cocoa-palm in front of his hut. He then fearlessly approached the animal, which was nearly covered with water, and deprived him of all possibility of escape, by inflicting several deep wounds. Life was not extinct, when the alligator was abandoned to his fate, but it was devoted to inevitable death; and when we gave the man his promised guerdon, he observed, coolly, that he would gladly exhibit a similar proof of his skill every day. This animal was twenty feet long."

The Gatherer.

Curious Fact in Natural History.—A short time ago a gentleman, formerly of this town, happened to be at Penrith; and having half an hour to spare, he, to while away the time, visited a menagerie. One of the keepers, as if proud of his charge, presented the two cubs with a sheep's head, to their high satisfaction, and amidst a growl or roar of thanks not a little amusing. And then commenced a war between *mew* and *tum*, as each of the pups, like boys at school when they find anything, in place of consenting to share and share alike, acted on the more selfish maxim of "all my own and none of my neighbours." More than once, while the battle lasted, the sheep's head changed paws; but the lioness, after looking on as umpire at length rose, and with two hearty cuffs not only separated the combatants, but sent them cowering behind her to the extremity of the den. And this feat accomplished, she lay quietly down, and with teeth and claws dexterously divided *la bonne prise* into equal parts, placing each at the feet of her young, without tasting a morsel herself. To have witnessed such a scene there are many who would have willingly paid a guinea instead of a shilling; nor is this little anecdote without its moral—illustrating as it does very strikingly the nice sense of justice dictated by maternity under the fiercest forms of carnivorous life.—*Dumfries Courier*.

Worthy of Consideration.—The mercantile shipping of the civilised world amounts to about eight million tons, which is worth new and old, thirty dollars per ton, and nets, clear of interest, insurance, &c., ten per cent., or 24,000,000 dols. per annum. The appropriation to the British navy for the current year is 33,520,000 dols.! Is not this a sober fact, that the annual expense of one nation's navy exceeds the nett profit of all mercantile shipping owned by the civilised world?—*American paper*.

Nelson's Opinion of the French.—I should be very happy to receive authentic intelligence of the destination of the French squadron—their route and time of sailing. Anything short of this is useless; and I assure your excellency that I would not,

upon any consideration, have a Frenchman in the fleet except as a prisoner. I put no confidence in them. You think yours good; the queen (of Naples) thinks hers the same; I believe they are all alike. Whatever information you can get me, I shall be very thankful for; but not a Frenchman comes here. Forgive me; but my mother hated the French.—*Nelson's Letters*.

Second Marriages in Ireland.—The Irish do not hold it strictly right for either man or woman to marry again; and if a woman does so, she prefaces it with an apology—"It's a father I was forced to put over his children, because I had no way for them, God help them; and this man, ye see, says, 'Mary,' he says, 'I have full and plenty for them, and the Lord above he knows it's justice I'll do them, and never hinder your prayers for the man ye lost, or anything in reason, or out of reason either; and troth he kept his word wonderful.'" And the neighbours of the married widower apologise for him after this fashion:—"Well, to be sure! we must consider he had a whole handful of soft children, and no one to turn round on the floor, or do a hand's turn for him; so it's small blame to him, after all." Or they condemn—"Yarra haish! to see an old *struckown* like that set himself up with a young wife, and grown-up daughters in his house! To think of the hardness of him—passing the churchyard, where the poor heart that loved him and his children is powdering into dust—passing the grave where the grass isn't yet long, with the slip of a girlieen in the place of her with the thoughtful head and the heavy hand. Oh, be dad! she'll punish him, I'll engage; and I'm glad of it." They are more angry with a woman for a second marriage than with a man, and certainly never consider a second union as holy as a first.—*Mrs. Hall's Ireland*.

The Orientals say that one soul is parted amongst all men, while some other nations of the globe hold the belief that every man hath many souls within himself. We believe the soul to be one, distinct and inseparable in every human being. Setting aside, however, all speculation, we know it does exist, and that these are its actions:—Thought—Understanding—Reason—Will.

The mob is a monster, like Briareus, with a hundred hands, strong to execute; but, like the one-eyed Polypheme, blind to perceive.

Modesty is the very soul of good sense, the proof of a mind well trained, the indication of a good and kindly disposition; it giveth lustre to truth, and is the brightest ornament to wisdom.